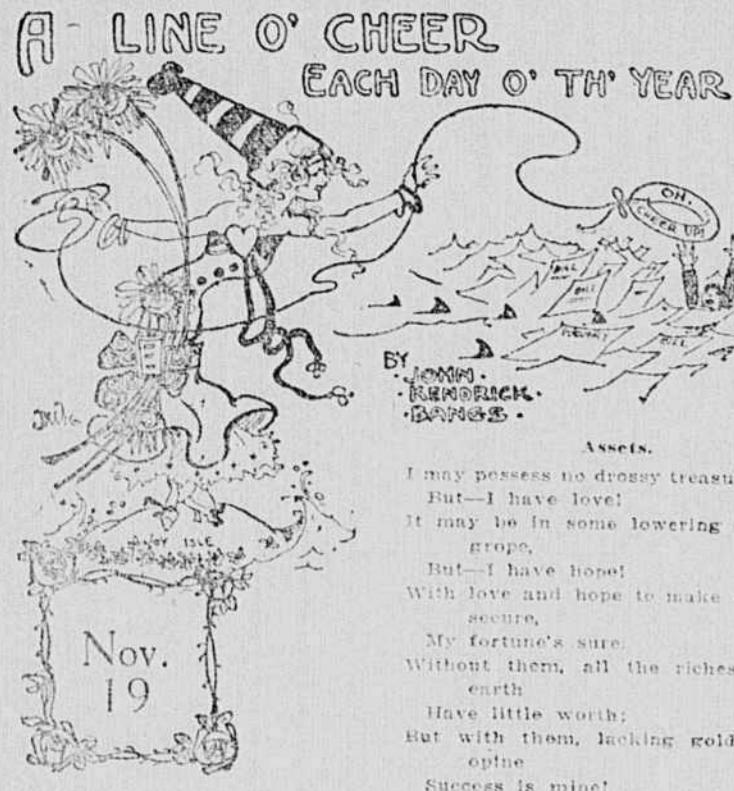


Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover



A LETTER AND RECIPE

Mrs. Martha Westover,
The Times-Dispatch, Richmond;
Dear Madame—Thanksgiving Day is drawing near and that heat-of-all-delights—plum pudding—will figure on many family tables. Your readers, and, although the following recipe does not come under the head of "Favorite Recipes of Distinguished Women," I thought, perhaps, you would like one occasionally from the great army of unknown and not distinguished.

This recipe I have used regularly for thirty years, and was obtained from one of the best housekeepers of the old time, known as such "before or war." I make a number at a time and set them away in a dry place and they keep perfectly.

Very sincerely,
MRS. J. B. GRAY,
"Travelers' Rest,"
Fredericksburg, Va.

Plum Pudding.
One-half pound of flour, one pound of finely-crumbled bread, one pound of suet, three-quarters pound of suet, dried from strings and chopped fine; one pound currants, carefully washed and picked over; one-half pound orange shredded fine; one-half pound brown sugar; one-half cup of strong tea; number of brandy and five eggs, well beaten. Mix all thoroughly in a well-greased mold, or tin bucket will answer, and cover carefully. This pudding will keep three months or more in a dry place. Boil three hours.

Sauce.

One-half cup butter creamed with two and a half cups of sugar. Wet a dessert spoonful of corn starch in a little cold milk and pour in a cup of boiling water, and stir over the fire until it thickens. Then put all together and beat five minutes before returning to the saucepan. Heat well and add a glass of wine.

MRS. J. B. G.

Modish Costumes.
Contrasting coats are shown in numerous combinations.

HOT CAKES FOR COLD DAY

Some one has said that what the one is to the French cook the pancake is to the English cook. Apparently there is enough English left in us to account for our liking for pancakes for breakfast, even those who do not relish bread and butter or bacon while on cold mornings or pancakes never an entree or dessert at luncheon or dinner.

Napoleonic Nougat.
Proceed to boil the grain, grape water and sugar exactly as for marshmallows; when very thick and white, add two cups of cream which has been mixed with the yolks of seven eggs and two cups of foam. Pour this batter into a buttered greased round or square pan, brown this on one side, turn it over, then on the other and serve it with sugar and cream or maple syrup.

Here is another recipe for pancake batter. Six beaten eggs, four tablespoons of flour, two ounces of melted butter, a cupful of milk and an equal量 of granulated sugar with a pinch of salt.

Brown cakes are pleasant change. To make them soak and drain and cool half a cupful of rice. Mix it with a quart of milk. A little salt, the yolks of four eggs and beat. When it is soft and moist, alternate half a pound of flour and a heaping tablespoonful of brown sugar mixed with the stiff whites of the four eggs. Cook in two cups of oil in a hot greased griddle.

Stuffed pancakes are delicious as entrees or desserts. They can be stuffed with meat and then fried like fritters in this way. Make the batter into large individual cakes and cool them on both sides. Quickly put a little chow mein, or some tomato or eggplant meat, inside each, then when it is cool, fry in deep fat, very carefully and rather slowly, garnish them with parsley or watercress.

To make a good batter for stuffed pancakes mix a cupful of flour, a cupful of thick sour cream, four well-beaten eggs, two ounces of melted butter and a cupful of milk.

Another way to cook stuffed pancakes is to cream them with the filling, roll them, cut them in strips and arrange the strips in a buttered baking dish. Then mix a cupful of milk with two beaten eggs, season with salt and pepper and bake until the milk and egg custard is set.

Spice Cake.
One-half cup of butter, 2 cups of sugar, 6 eggs, 2 cups of flour, 1 cup of milk, 1/2 pound of citron, 1/2 cup of sweet chocolate, grated, 1/2 teaspoon of cloves and spices, 1/2 of a nutmeg, grated, juice of 1 lemon, 2 heaping teaspoons of baking powder.

First cream the butter; then add sugar, eggs, well beaten; then the flour and beat all this well; next the citron, grated chocolate, cloves and spices, nutmeg and juice of lemon, and baking powder. After these ingredients are well mixed, put in a cakepan and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

REAL MODISH COSTUMES



MENU

Breakfast.	Oatmeal
Stewed Prunes	
Broiled Mackerel	
Corn Muffins	Coffee
Luncheon.	
Lamb Chops	
Bread and Butter Sandwiches	
Potato Salad	Wafer
Creamed Potatoes	Tea
Cake	
Dinner.	
Chicken Broth With Rice	
Fried Chicken	Buttered Rice
Creamed Potatoes	
Baked Sweet Potatoes	
Watercress Salad	
Lemon Meringue Pie	Coffee

Corn Muffins.
Sift together one-half cupful of corn-meal, one cupful of flour, three teaspooons of baking powder, one tablespoonful of sugar. Add one tablespoonful of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, three-quarters of a cupful of milk and one egg. Mix and bake in greased muffin rings.



COAT FOR A GIRL.
It is trimmed with fur and velvet and buttoned down the front.

CREPE DE CHINE

Is the Ideal Fabric for the Ever Useful Blouse.

A very popular morning blouse is the loose shirt of crepe de chine, with turned-back collar coming down to points in front, and frills to finish the opening. This, in almost any coloring, is excellent, and is one of the most useful designs.

Crepe de chine for really useful blouses cannot be improved upon. If a good quality is chosen it neither shrinks nor loses its color, and it cleans and refreshes perfectly. The pale blue, lavender, celadon, feuillemorte, amber, yellow and sand colors are all in great choice as blouse materials now, and for wearing with a navy blue coat and swirl those morning blouses in such colorings have quite a little "flare" of their own. Then the plain white and cream-colored gros-grain silks made up in this fashion are very useful for morning wear; here the frill in front is replaced with chiffon.

Crepe de chine comments on the failure of the police to locate the mystery.

The woods were green and earth was redolent of rich spring odors, with flowers peeping shyly from the leaf-strewn soil in the shadow of the trees; some, more bold than others, came down to the roadway, and from the banks and hedge smilied saucily upon all who passed; the hillsides were like spots carpet, the meadows a riot of clover hues. The world was light with the promise of the new-born year, for who shall say that the year does not begin with the birth of spring? May! May, when the earth begins to bear, not January, when it sets out in sorrow to bury its dead. New Year's day, it is, when the first tiny flower of spring comes to life and smiles on the face of Mother Earth, and the sun is warm with the love of a gentle father.

"I shall ask Leslie down for the week-end," said Sara, the third day after their arrival in the country. The house was huge and lonely, and time numbed heavily despite the glistening of spring.

Leslie looked quickly from her book. A look of dismay flickered in her eyes for an instant and then gave way to the calmness that had come to dwell in their depths of late. Her lips parted in the sudden impulse to cry out against the plan, but she checked the words. For a moment, her dark questioning eyes studied the face of her benefactress; then, as if nothing had been revealed to her, she allowed her gaze to drift pensively out toward the garden.

They were sitting on the broad veranda overlooking the Sound. The dusk of evening was beginning to steal over the earth. She laid her book aside.

"Will you telephone to him after dinner, Hetty?" went on Sara, after a long period of silence.

Again Hetty started. This time a look of actual pain flashed in her eyes.

"Would not a note by post be more certain to find him in the—?" she began hurriedly.

"I dislike writing notes," said Sara calmly, "of course, dear, if you feel that you'd rather not telephone to him I can—"

"I dare say I am tricky," Sara apologized Hetty in quick contrition.

"Of course, he is your brother, I should remember."

"My brother-in-law, dear," said Sara a trifle too literally.

"He will often come to our house," went on Hetty rapidly. "I must make the best of it."

"He is your friend, Hetty. He addressed you."

"I cannot see him through your eyes, Sara."

"But he is charming and agreeable, you'll admit," persisted the other.

"He is very kind and he is devoted to you. I should like him for that."

"You have no cause for disliking him."

"I do not dislike him. I—I am—Oh you always have so thoughtful, so considerate, Sara. I can't understand your failing to see how hard it is for me to—to—well, to endure his open-hearted friendship."

Sara was silent for a moment. "You draw a pretty fine line, Hetty," she said gently.

"He suggested bringing a friend," went on Hetty, hurriedly. "A Mr. Booth, the portrait painter."

"I met him in Italy. He is charming, Sara. You will like him, too, Hetty."

The emphasis did not escape notice.

"It seems that he is spending a fortnight in the village, this Mr. Booth, painting spring lamb for rest and recreation. Mr. Leslie says—"

"Then he is at our very gates," said Sara, suddenly.

"I wonder if he can be the man I saw yesterday at the bridge," mused Hetty.

"Yes, Mrs. Wrandall is to come out on the eleven-thirty," said the girl nervously.

"I really can't say. He's rather vague. It was six or seven years ago."

"It was left on Mr. Wrandall is to come out on the eleven-thirty," explained Hetty. "I thought you wouldn't like sending either of the motors in."

"And Mr. Booth?"

"We do not send for him after Mr. Wrandall arrives. He is staying at the inn, wherever that may be."

"Poor fellow," sighed Sara, with a grimace. "I am sure he will like us immensely if he has been stopping at the inn."

Hetty stood staring down at the blazing logs for a full minute before giving expression to the thought that troubled her.

"Sara, she said, meeting her friend's eyes with a steady smile of her own, "why did Mr. Wrandall stay in me instead of you? Is it you he is coming to visit, not me. It is your house. Why should—"

"You gave me a week to decide," said Hetty, in a hurried manner of speaking. "I took but twenty-four hours—less than that. Over night, you remember, I love you, Sara. I could not leave you. All that night I could feel you pulling at my heartstrings, pulling me closer and closer, and holding me. You were in my room, I in mine, and yet all the time you seemed to be bending over me in the dark-

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Challis Wrandall is found dead in a road house. His widow, accidentally meeting the girl, Mrs. Westover, who had accompanied him to the inn the night before, offers him a home and protection. At the funeral reconciliation occurs between his widow and his son, Leslie, and his wife, and his sister, Vivian. Leslie speaks enthusiastically to his friend, Brandon Booth, a member of the Chastleton Club. After a year's travel in Europe, Mrs. Wrandall and her son return to New York and accept an invitation to dine with the elder Wrandall. They then go to Mrs. Wrandall's place in the country.

"In either case," said her son, "we'd be better off elsewhere. That's the long and short of it. Even if she handed it to us on a silver platter—figuratively speaking, Uncle George would be made to look thirty cents."

"Well, I'm damn," began Uncle George, almost forgetting where he was, but remembering in time. He was afraid to utter a word for the next ten minutes, and Leslie was spared the interruptions.

It was decided that the will should stand, later on, the alarming prospect of Mrs. Wrandall's right to marry again came up to mind. The will of all the Wrandalls and it gave the widow the most useful designs.

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"The wonder—" began Hetty, her eyes narrowing with the intensity of thought. She did not complete the sentence.

Sara answered the unspoken question. "It will never be different from what it is now, unless you make it so."

Hetty started. "How could you have known what I was thinking?" she cried in wonder.

"It is what you are always thinking, my dear. You are always asking yourself when will I turn against you."

"Sara?"

"Your own intelligence should supply the answer to all the questions you are asking yourself. It is too late for me to turn against you." She abruptly removed her hand from Hetty's shoulder and walked to the edge of the veranda. For the first time, the English girl was conscious of pain. She drew her arm up and cringed. She pulled the light scarf about her bare shoulders.

The other appeared in the doorway. "The telephone, if you please, Miss Chastleton. Mr. Leslie Wrandall is calling."

The girl stared. "For me, Watson?"

"Yes, Miss. I forgot to say that he called up this afternoon while you were out" very apologetically, with a turtling glance at Mrs. Wrandall, who had turned pale.

"Loss of memory, Watson, is a fatal affliction," she said, with a smile. "It happened."

Hetty had risen, visibly agitated.

"What shall I say to him, Sara?" she cried.

Apparently it is he who has something to say to him, and she did not still smile. "Wait and see what it is. Please don't neglect to say that we'd like to have him over Sunday."

"A box of flowers has just come up from the station for you, Miss," said Watson.

Hetty was very white as she passed into the house. Mrs. Wrandall resumed her contemplation of the forgotten bouquet.

"Shall I tell you a wrap, ma'am?" asked Watson, hesitating.

"I am coming in, Watson. Open the box of flowers for Miss Chastleton. Is there a fire in the library?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wrandall."

"Mr. Leslie will be out on Saturday, I suppose," said Watson.

"The evening train, ma'am?"

"No. The eleven-thirty. He will be here for luncheon."

When Hetty hurried into the library a few minutes later, her manner was that of one considerably disturbed by something that had transpired almost on the moment. Her cheeks were pale, her eyes were reflectors of a moment ago, and her hair was as she had been left the dinner table.

"Mrs. Wrandall was standing before the fireplace, an exquisite figure in the silken black evening gown which she affected in these days. Her perfectly modulated neck and shoulders gleamed like pink marble in the reflected glow of the burning logs. She wore no jewelry, but there was a single white rose in her dark hair, where it had been placed by her when she had come earlier as they left the dinner table.

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